

THE JEW STORE —OF— Euster & Isaacs

We are preparing to make room for our Spring Stock. We have a big stock of

Clothing and Men's Suits

\$10.00 Suits for . . . \$750

\$7.00 Suits for . . . \$5 50

\$4.00 Suits for . . . \$2 50

A Big Line of Pants from 74 cents up.

Children's Suits from 75 cents up.

Knee Pants from 19 cents up.

We Have a Big Stock of Shoes
that we will sell for

25 Per Cent Less Than Cost.

Hats and Shirts go at the same reduction. Ladies' Shirt Waists and Shirts go the same way.

Come to the Jew Store

and look at the great bargains we are offering in all kinds of Furnishing Goods.

The Jew Store

OF EUSTER & ISAACS.

FLOYD DAY, Pres. J. SAMUEL HEAD, Jr., Cashier.
P. P. CRAWFORD, Vice Pres.
M. P. DAVIS, Acting Cashier. W. S. HOPPER, Asst. Cash.

OUR BANKING METHODS ARE SATISFACTORY

To a large and growing clientele. If you are not already in this number, why not open an account now? Call in and talk the subject over with us. A call will entail no obligation. Won't you try and see?

PAIDUP CAPITAL and SURPLUS \$27,350.00

JACKSON DEPOSIT BANK,

Jackson, Kentucky.

THE Southern R'y. OFFERS VERY LOW ROUND-TRIP Homeseekers' Rates To Arkansas, Indian Territory, Louisiana, Oklahoma & Texas.

Tickets on sale the first and third Tuesdays of each month.

Apply to any Southern Ry. Agent, or write

A. R. COOK, D. P. A. B. S. YENT, T. P. A.
LOUISVILLE, KY.

Breezy Paragraphs.

FROM DEATHVILLE ENTERPRISE.
Adams dropped his jug of molasses when he resigned.

"A bird in hand is worth two in the bush," Adams don't think. Those who favor carpet bag rule will no doubt vote for Adams.

They say no man can be a prophet in his own country. This will probably explain Judge Adams' removal from his native county.

Many attempts have been made to reach the north pole. None have met with more dismal failure than Adams' attempt to be nominated for Circuit Judge.

George Washington may have been the father of his country, but James P. Adams can beat that. He is the father of the Republican party in Breathitt county.

Why prolong Adams' agony with a primary? The result will be the same, primary or convention.

The Warden of the penitentiary has raised no howl on account of the crowds Adams sent to him.

Adams calls attention to his prosecution of Breathitt county assassins. About how many did he convict?

The hitherto impossible feat of a man biting his own nose off was accomplished by Adams when he resigned the office of Commonwealth's Attorney.

Adams' piece in The News says, "The Governor recognizing in Judge Adams a man of marked ability etc." Was it the Governor? The news up here was that it was Dog-tax Cox.

This Judicial District is a battle ground. The death of Judge Riddell created a vacancy in the office of Circuit Judge. The Lieutenant-Governor according to his lights appointed a successor acceptable and agreeable to himself. But there is a difference between appointments and elections. One seeking an appointment may storm the works of the appointing power, but that does not mean that he can run the race before the people. The Republican party has a race this year and next. The Democrats may be credited with vigilance. If we make a mistake they will profit.

Drink Wainscott's Pop.

A. M. Back, of Seitz, was here on business Monday.

V. L. Boyd, of Roosevelt, was here on business Monday.

G. B. Taulbee, of Rose Fork, was here on business Saturday.

Z. T. Pence, of Leno, was here Tuesday after grass seed and other merchandise.

Green Haddix has moved into one of A. L. Hagins' houses on east Main street.

James Clemmons, of Clemmons, who has been sick for several weeks, is able to be out again.

H. Gross the produce man, of Athol, was here Monday interviewing our merchants.

E. W. Combs and J. M. Allen, of Clay Hole, were here the first of the week after a boat load of goods for Mr. Allen's store.

John M. Snowden resigned his position with the Ohio Valley Tie Company to superintend the work on his farm near the mouth of Quicksand.

Benton Blanton, who has been off on a four months furlough and visiting his home folks here, left Tuesday to join his company in the U. S. army in Idaho.

Wm. L. Hurst, Jr., and daughter, Miss Lula, of Malaga, were guests of Dr. C. H. Hurst and other relatives in Jackson from Saturday until Monday.

S. W. Cecil, president of the First National Bank of West Liberty, accompanied by Mrs. M. T. Womack and Mrs. C. W. Womack and son, Master Roger Clay, stopped on their return from Cincinnati last week and the ladies were the guests of Mrs. W. W. McQuire.



Hiram Centers Injured.

Hiram Centers, while at work repairing the foundation of what is known as the Red House, was badly crushed by part of the foundation falling on him. It is thought he has a fair chance of recovery.

Rev. Geo. O. Barnes Dead

The Rev. George O. Barnes, the famous "mountain evangelist" of Kentucky, died on Sanibel Island, off the coast of Florida, where he has lived in retirement for several years. He became widely known as an evangelist in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky, and afterward made a tour of the world. Revival meetings conducted by him were attended by great crowds, and thousands were led by him to profess Christianity.

Jett's Creek.

(Delayed last week.)

Wilse Neeley, of Cannel City, visited his father-in-law at this place from Saturday till Monday.

Elisha Johnson and Julius McIntosh, who have been attending school at Berea for the past six months, have returned home.

Miss Lillie Terry, of Turkey, visited Mrs. Luther Little Saturday.

The farmers of this vicinity have quit logging and gone to plowing. Mrs. Rachel McIntosh visited Mrs. Vicy McIntosh Sunday. Mrs. Julia Ann Jett, of Cow Creek, was here on business the first of the week. Henry McIntosh sold 1,000 ties to Charles Warner and has 3,000 more for sale. Willie Miller and Augustus Thye visited home folks at St. Helens Sunday. Henry McIntosh has sweet potato plants for sale. The K. P. Lumber Co. have their narrow gauge road on Jett's Creek. John Little and wife visited Henry McIntosh and family the first of the week. Coon Johnson has built a freight boat 48 feet long and is now ready to haul freight. Elisha Johnson is building a new house on his farm at the mouth of Jett's creek.

Julius McIntosh attended the social at Luther Little's Saturday night. Elisha Johnson, Jr., and Julius McIntosh were at Cope Branch Sunday. Two young maidens of that neighborhood is said to be the attraction.

SNOWBALL.

FROM ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.

Oscar Terry and Willie Allen have returned home from a trip down the river. Henry McIntosh made a business trip to Athol Tuesday. Wise and Abraham Johnson are hauling ties to the mouth of Jett's creek. Andy Roberts, of Turkey creek had his house destroyed by fire and lost \$200 in cash. Miss Francis Wise visited Mrs. Anne McIntosh the first of the week. Misses Lizzie and Prada Allen visited Misses Ellen and Frances Wise Saturday evening. Green B. Woods made a business trip to Jett's Creek Saturday. Among those who visited Misses Isabel and Prada Allen Sunday were Misses Prada Baek, Ellen and Frances Wise, Anderson Spicer, Willie Johnson and Lee Keen. Coon Johnson is building a new house at the mouth of Jett's creek.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Landrum, of Lost Creek, were visiting friends here the first of the week.

Rev. A. S. Petrey, editor of the Hazard Mountain Evangelist, preached an interesting sermon at the Baptist church Sunday, which was listened to attentively by the congregation. Rev. Petrey is pastor of two churches in Breathitt county and is doing missionary work in religious circles throughout Kentucky, both in the north and with his paper.

A tag from a 10-cent piece will count FULL value
A tag from a 5-cent piece will count HALF value

TOBACCO

with valuable tags

Save your tags from

BLACK BEAR	GRANGER TWIST
Master Workman Spear Head Old Statesman	Seller's Pride Old Honesty Old Peach
Horse Shoe Egplant Tinley's 10-oz. Jolly Tar	Ivy Big Four Jolly Tar

Coupons from

MAN'S PRIDE AND OWEN'S SELECT SMOKING	PICNIC TWIST
OLD TENNESSEE ROYAL Brazil Smoking	GILT EDGE Brazil Smoking
Yellow Strips from BUSTER	

Tags from the above brands are good for the following and many other useful presents as shown by catalog:

Gold Cuff Buttons—50 Tags	French Briar Pipe—50 Tags	Lady's Pocketbook—50 Tags
Fountain Pen—100 Tags	Leather Pocketbook—50 Tags	Pocket Knife—40 Tags
English Steel Razor—50 Tags	Steel Carving Set—200 Tags	Playing Cards—30 Tags
Gentleman's Watch—200 Tags	Best Steel Shears—75 Tags	60-yd. Fishing Reel—60 Tags

Many merchants have supplied themselves with presents with which to redeem tags. If you cannot have your tags redeemed at home, write us for catalog.

PREMIUM DEPARTMENT
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO., St. Louis, Mo.

Printed By Request.

Mix the following by shaking well in a bottle, and take in teaspoonful doses after meals and at bedtime:

Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. A local druggist is the authority that these simple, harmless ingredients can be obtained at nominal cost from our home druggists.

The mixture is said to cleanse and strengthen the clogged and inactive kidneys, overcoming Backache, Bladder weakness and Urinary trouble of all kinds, if taken before the stage of Bright's disease.

Those who have tried this say it positively overcomes pain in the back, clears the urine of sediment and regulates urination, especially at night, curing even the worst form of bladder weakness.

Every man or woman here who feels that the kidneys are not strong or acting in a healthy manner should mix this prescription at home and give it a trial, as it is said to do wonders for many persons.

The Scranton (Pa.) Times was first to print his remarkable prescription, in October, of 1906, since when all the leading newspapers of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and other cities have made many announcements of it to their readers.

Eggs For Hatching.

From pure-bred Rhode Island Red and Single Comb Brown Leghorn chickens. Also a few line cockerals for sale. Prices reasonable. Minerva L. Hagins, Jackson, Ky.

NOTICE.

There will be a Farmers' Institute held in Jackson on Thursday and Friday, April 16th and 17th, 1908, under the auspices of the Breathitt County Farmers' Club and the Department of Agriculture of Kentucky. Good speakers on important subjects to farmers will be discussed. Come and hear them.

W. D. BACK, Secretary.
G. W. SAWYER, President.

Agents who can do crayon portraits for \$36.00 per cent of sales and sample set of crayons for \$1.00 per cent. W. D. Back, Secretary. G. W. Sawyer, President. 1208 W. Taylor St., Chicago, Ill.

Stop with Hart Brothers, at the Reed Hotel while in Lexington.

Crockettsville

M. J. Reynolds was at J. B. Lewis' Saturday in the interest of photography. He is doing good work and is worthy of the patronage of the people. Walter Deaton is delivering 600 railroad ties to the mouth of Long's creek to await a buyer. Chris Frick and his crew have gone to Napier, Perry county, to brand 1,200 trees bought by the square timber firm now in camp on Squabble creek.

Mrs. Armilda Sawyers, of the Freeman fork of Long's creek, is very low with lung trouble and her recovery is doubtful. Benton Deaton, of Miller branch, was at Joseph Johnson's Saturday on business for his brother. Born, to the wife of James Cornett, last week, twin boys. James is a hustler and if such blessings are to be continued he may expect to have to hustle. A miracle has occurred on Long's creek lately in the conversion of Rhodes Hall from drunkenness and gambling, but the conversion did not reach far enough. If the angel had said thou shalt not carry nor use carnal weapons, but use only the sword of the spirit, it might have been better.

Clemmons.

The recent tide washed away considerable fencing in this neighborhood. S. M. Noble and others drove out about 5,000 logs on the tide out of the South Fork. J. E. Lang passed here Monday for Jackson and stated that he had about 100,000 staves in Quicksand that he bought on the Laurel Fork of Quicksand. Charley Miller and Martha Fugate were united in the holy bonds of wedlock Monday by Rev. Henry C. Clemmons, who officiated in his usual happy style. H. C. Clemmons has a history that relates of the tallest man in the world—John Hale, of Lancashire, England, who was nine feet and six inches high and his hands were 17 inches long and 8 1/2 inches broad. WILD ROSE.

Rousseau.

John Craft has a bad case of pneumonia fever. Andy McIntosh is improving and it is thought that he will get well. People are busy putting back their fence that the big tide washed away. Dan McIntosh and others will hold services at Squire G. P. Back's the first Sunday in May. Everybody invited. The Odd Fellows are preparing to build a hall at G. P. Back's on Meat Scaffold.

Sunday, April 19, is Easter.

Sentence Remitted.

Acting Governor Cox has remitted the jail sentence of two years given Felix Felner in the Clark circuit court more than two years ago. The remission was recommended by the officials of Clark county, including Judge Benton, as Felner had already sold his farm to pay the fine of \$3,000 which was assessed against him at the time the jail sentence was given him.

Felner was fined for contempt of court in assisting in smuggling his cousin, Mose Felner, and other witnesses away from the trial in the damage case of Mrs. Marcum against the Hargises, and B. F. French was fined at the same time \$5,000 for the same offense. Felner has been in Oklahoma pending a decision of his case in the Court of Appeals and is reported to be in very bad health. French also made an application several weeks ago to have the State's part of his fine remitted, but his petition was turned down by Governor Willson.

Herald.

Mrs. B. H. Herald was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. W. D. Cuniff, of War creek, the first of the week. Richard Jett and wife were at Herald Monday. Wm. N. Terry, of Turkey, was at Herald the first of the week. James Johnson and Alex Herald were at Oakdale the first of the week. Harlin Griffith was the guest of her parents, B. H. Herald and wife Sunday. Richard Herald was at Oakdale Sunday. Misses Alice and America Short, of Turkey, were visiting friends at Ponceon Friday till Sunday. On the third Sunday in April at 3 o'clock, there will be preaching at Henry Gabbard's, on Ponceon Camp. Everybody is invited to come.

PERRY COUNTY.

Buckhorn.

(Delayed last week.)

Miss Sarah Couch visited Misses Martha and Mary McIntosh, Saturday. Clifton Gross is on the sick list. James Gabbard visited Miss Lizzie Evans Saturday and Sunday. Miss Lillie Callahan is visiting friends at Jackson. Luther Deaton is assisting in the normal at this place. There are several boys and girls from Breathitt county attending the normal here. We would be pleased to hear from "The Dreamer" again. Prof. Harris' wife will leave in a few days for her home in the Blue Grass. SNOW FLAKE.

FRIDAY, APRIL 10.

Notice to Candidates.

Announcements of candidates for office will be charged for as follows:

For a District Office...\$10.00

For a County Office... 5.00

Except a complimentary notice given each candidate at the time he announces, all communications boosting candidates will be charged for at 5 cents per line. Such communications will be treated as purely advertising matter for which The News does not assume any responsibility.

Cash must accompany all orders for such advertising.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR CIRCUIT JUDGE.

We are authorized to announce JUDGE G. W. GOURLEY,

Of Beattyville, Ky., as a candidate for circuit judge of this, the 23d judicial district, subject to the action of the Republican party.

We are authorized to announce JUDGE JAMES P. ADAMS,

of Beattyville, Ky., as a candidate for circuit judge of this, the 23d judicial district, subject to the action of the Republican party.

COMMONWEALTH'S ATTY.

We are authorized to announce A. H. STAMPER,

of Campton, as a candidate for Commonwealth's Attorney of this the 23d judicial district, subject to the action of the Democratic party. Election Nov. 3, 1908.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Commonwealth's Attorney of the 23d judicial district, composed of the counties of Breathitt, Wolfe, Lee and Estill, subject to the action of the Republican party. I solicit the support of all good citizens regardless of party affiliations.

A. H. PATTON.

We are authorized to announce Z. T. HURST,

Of Breathitt county, as a candidate for Commonwealth's Attorney for this the 23d judicial district, subject to the action of the Republican party.

We are authorized to announce KELLY KASH

as a candidate for Commonwealth's Attorney in the 23d judicial district, subject to the action of the Republican party.

FOR CONGRESS.

We are authorized to announce JOHN W. LANGLEY

as a candidate for Congress for the Tenth Kentucky District, subject to the action of the Republican party.

FOR COUNTY CLERK.

I take this means of announcing myself as a candidate for County Court Clerk of Breathitt County, subject to the action of the Democratic party. If elected I shall, regardless of party affiliations, be your most obedient servant.

ALFRED RUSSELL.

To the Voters of Breathitt Co.: I am a candidate for the office of County Court Clerk, to be voted for at the November election, 1909.

Geo. W. NOBLE.

ESTILL COUNTY.

Irvine.

John Noland, who is in school at Winchester, came home last week to visit his parents. We are sorry to know that Mrs. David Powell is very sick. We hope she will soon be out again. We had the largest tide in the Kentucky river we have had for several years past. I guess everybody that had timber in the mountains had a chance to get their timber to market. J. N. Snowden is on the sick list and has been for the past month. We have the finest prospect for fruit in this section we have had for several years past. I thought it would get killed on the night of April 2, but the wind kept the frost off. We learn James Maupin is going to move to Irvine in a short time with his grist mill where he expects to furnish the people their bread stuff at a reasonable price. Judge O. K. Noland has been on the sick list for the past week. We hear that Garnett Powell, who went to Cincinnati to study telegraphy, has left school on account of small pox. He will return home just as soon as the time passes for him to take the small pox. Mr. Editor please give me space in your paper to congratulate John W. Langleigh for what he has done for the people of this congressional district, for the old soldier, especially, who left his home with gun on his shoulder and knapsack on his back to defend his country, and that it should not be divided, and that we should be one grand, great and noble nation. May God bless

ART-SYSTEM SUITS FOR YOUNG MEN



Just the kind of Suits that appeal most to the up-to-date young man. Suits full of life, character and individuality in indexing precisely all the ultra fashionable models of the best custom tailors; real works of art from the tailor's standpoint; the coats cut in the pronounced long dip-front, two and three button styles, slashed or button-through pockets, new ideas in lapel and cuff treatments; shades of every hue that's popular; browns, galore, blues and grays; the snappiest novelty patterns of the looms. To the young man seeking a grand combination of style, quality and good value we unhesitatingly commend our "Art System" Suits as best made in the world at the price.

\$12.50, \$15.00, \$17.50, \$20.00 and \$22.50.

Boys' Double Breasted and Novelty Suits

All the finest and most up-to-date styles, for all ages from 2 1/2 to 17 years. The most comprehensive display in Lexington, and from a price standpoint by far the best selection, as a comparison will readily convince you.

\$3.00 to \$12.00

The MODEL

Lexington, Ky.

Spring Fashion Exhibit

We are pleased to announce that we have received, a large shipment of spring and summer millinery, a large assortment of this season's styles. We have a wealth of beautiful trimmed hats, both for street and dress, together with a superb exhibition of the capabilities of our own designer. A special invitation is extended to all to visit our millinery department.

SPRING DRESS GOODS

We want the dress goods trade of every woman in Breathitt and the surrounding country and we are doing all we can to get it. We are showing new goods, new weaves and new colors in dependable merchandise for home sewing. In this department we are showing some beautiful wool and silk dress fabrics. Here also will be found every necessity needed in a woman's outfit.

OUR SPRING SHOE TRADE

Is now in full blast. Not in the recollection of the oldest inhabitant did any merchant in Jackson carry the up-to-date styles and qualities you will find in our shoe department representing all the present day fashionable leathers. Every pair a creation in the shoemaker's art; tan, brown, patent, dull and kid leathers

MENS' CLOTHING

As for our spring and summer line of Clothing, Furnishings and Hats for Men, Boys, and Children, "WELL," you will make a mistake if you fail to look through our stock before you buy your spring outfit. We invite your inspection of them. They consist of the latest novelties, both in material and fashion. Ask to see our line of soft and stiff hats, which includes the well-known Stetson brands. Come to us for your straw and Panama hats and lightweight underwear and other furnishings.

We are headquarters for Groceries, Drugs, Paints and Oils, Hardware, Stoves, Tinware, all kinds of Farming Implements, Pocket and Table Cutlery and every thing you need.

We carry the largest line of Iron Beds in Eastern Kentucky. Call for catalogue.

DAY BROS. CO.

Wholesale and Retail Merchandise, JACKSON, KENTUCKY.

them with plenty in this life and give them a better home after death. John W. Langleigh is always ready to respond to their call and it is just and right he should be. I want John W. to go to the next congress, for I have the faith in him to do what he promises. If he was billed to make a speech at Irvine and the train was wrecked 20 miles away with no other conveyance at hand, he would walk to fill the appointment. Judge W. H. Lilly, who has been in Florida for his health for the past winter, has returned to his home at Irvine where he will remain with his family. We are glad to see him looking so well.

Wilhurst.

Our farmers are somewhat damaged by the washing rains that have fallen recently. George S. Terrill, one of our leading merchants, has just supplied his house with a new and up-to-date line of spring merchandise. Florence Hollon, daughter of John Hollon, who has been very low with pneumonia, is improving. Rev. and Mrs. J. B. Flinchum, of Morg, visited the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Terrill, here last week. Rev. James A. Sewell came up from Tyrone Thursday to visit his home here, but will return soon. Miss Lillian Graham, who recently returned from the Hazel Green Academy, left Monday to attend Campton Academy. Taylor P. Sewell, assistant postmaster of Campton, has tired of "city life and come back home to spend a few weeks in the country. George King, of Calla, visited his home here Sunday. John N. Hurst, of Pear Tree, passed through here Saturday on his way to Oakdale where he has position as storekeeper at the Jett-Spencer distillery. Rev. Henry Taylor, of Stillwater, held Christian services at the Baile Field school house, near here, Saturday last Sunday. Bro. Taylor has been preaching to the mountain people for about forty years and we are always glad to have him with us.

WOLFE COUNTY.

Campton.

Fiscal court was in session Tuesday and will likely last for two or three days. S. S. Combs, of Richmond, came up on business Monday. Work on the new Miller and Childers store buildings on corner of Main and Washington is nearing completion. The work is in charge of A. P. Dye, of Hazel Green. Hon. Z. T. Hurst, of Boxer, and A. H. Patton, of Jackson, both aspirants for Republican nomination for Com-

monwealth's Attorney were in town Monday. Sam Kash, C. S. Sample, E. E. Cecil, H. H. Swango and G. W. Wheeler, of Hazel Green and vicinity, were in town Monday attending county court. The students of K. W. A. are beginning their rehearsals preparatory to being ready for commencement week, which will be the first week in May. Supt. W. H. Chambers on Monday entered an order fixing the boundaries of a new school district at Oklahoma. Jno. W. Taulbee, of Daysboro, and J. C. Lindon, of Gilmore, were both in town Monday shaking hands with their constituents. D. B. Tyra, of Stillwater, was attending court here Monday and incidentally taking orders for moving machines, rakes &c. On the Seminary Fork of Stillwater, Monday, Floyd Burnett, aged about 16 years, shot and instantly killed Harrison Moore, aged about 15 years. Burnett claimed the shooting was accidental, and that the gun was discharged by Moore in an effort on the part of Moore to wrest the gun from Burnett to shoot some birds. The examining trial will be held before County Judge Centers Tuesday and in the meantime Burnett is in jail. There was only one eye-witness, it seems, who is a very small boy, and it is not known what he will state. George Johnson, attorney of Neola, also John Tester, attorney of Stillwater, were among the visiting attorneys at county court here Monday.

MASTER COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

Breathitt Circuit Court. James S. Cope, &c., Plaintiff, vs. Notice of Sale. C. L. Terrill, Defendant. Under and by virtue of a judgment of the Breathitt Circuit Court, entered at the February term, 1908, in the above styled action, the undersigned, Master Commissioner, will sell at public auction to the highest and best bidder at the front door of the Court House, in Jackson, Ky., between the hours of one and two o'clock p. m., on

Monday, April 27, 1908,

the following described property: All that parcel of land lying on Frozen Creek, Breathitt county, Ky., and being the same as described in the deed from Joe S. Cope to Bill Taulbee's line; thence with said Taulbee's line; thence with said Cope's line; thence with said Cope's line to Grant Lovely's line; thence with Lovely's line to Caroline Terrill's line; thence with said

line to the dividing ridge between the Clear Fork and main Frozen creek; thence with said ridge to J. R. Wilson's line; thence with said line to the beginning.

There is excluded from the above boundary of land the following described boundary, to-wit: Beginning on a walnut on a rock near the bank of Frozen creek; thence a southeasterly course to the top of the point; thence an easterly direction with the point to the Kentucky Lumber & Veneer Co.'s line; thence with said line to main Frozen creek; thence down said creek to the beginning, and will not be sold.

There is also excluded from the first boundary herein set out the following boundary of land, to-wit: Beginning on a rock in the branch at the upper end of the field about one hundred and fifty yards from the mouth of the first left hand fork of Rock Lick; thence a northeast direction with a marked line to a sourwood on top of the point; thence down the point to a spotted oak; thence a northeast direction with a marked line to a mulberry near the mouth of the drain at the upper end of the field; thence with the drain to the mouth of said drain; thence a straight line to the top of the point to Joe Spencer's line; thence down the ridge between Rock Lick and Negro branch to Caroline Terrill's line; thence with said line to a spotted oak opposite the beginning; thence down the point to the beginning, will not be sold.

There is also excluded from the first boundary of land above set out the following boundary, to-wit: Beginning at the creek on the rock house just above the orchard branch; thence with Caroline Terrill's line to the top of the dividing ridge between Clear fork and main Frozen creek; thence up the ridge between Clear fork and main Frozen creek to the Kentucky Lumber & Veneer Co.'s line; thence with said line to George W. Rogers's line; thence with his line to the creek; thence with the meanders of the creek to the beginning, and will not be sold.

There is also excluded from said first boundary herein set out the following boundary, to-wit: Beginning on a stone corner of C. L. Terrill and Grant Lovely; thence down the branch to main Rock Lick; thence up the branch with the branch and main road to the mouth of the Old house branch, about fifty yards to a walnut; thence up the point of the Old house branch on the right hand side to Grant Lovely's line; thence with his line back to the beginning, and will not be sold.

There is also excluded from the first boundary herein set out the following boundary, viz: Beginning on a willow tree and a rock tree on the left hand fork of Rock Lick; thence on rods above the main forks of said Rock Lick; thence a westerly course to the top of the point; thence up the point to Joe Spencer's line; thence with his line to Grant Lovely's line; thence with his line to the main Rock Lick; thence up Rock

Lick with the branch to the beginning, and will not be sold.

Said sale will be made on a credit of six and twelve months time. The purchaser will be required to execute bonds with good security thereon for equal installments of the purchase price, payable to the Commissioner, bearing six per cent interest from date until paid, and having the force and effect of a judgment on which execution may issue. A lien will be retained also on said land for the payment of said purchase money, but the purchaser may pay cash if desired.

The amount to be raised by this sale is as follows:

Balance of debt and interest.....	\$766.14
Cost of suit.....	15.00
Commissioner's cost.....	22.82
Cost of advertising.....	21.50

Total.....\$825.46

J. W. CARDWELL, M. C. B. C. C. Jno. E. PATRICK, Attorney.

MASTER COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

Breathitt Circuit Court. Mary Ann Holliday, Plaintiff, vs. Notice of Sale. Sheriff Holliday, &c., Def'ts. By virtue of a judgment of sale of the Breathitt Circuit Court, entered in the above styled cause at its February term, 1908, I will offer for sale on

Monday, April 27, 1908,

between the hours of 11 o'clock a. m. and 2 o'clock p. m., the following described real property, viz: One moiety or one-half interest in the following described property, situated in the town of Jackson, Ky., and bounded as follows:

One house and lot, beginning three feet from the corner of the Christian Science church lot, on the line of Broadway, then along line of Broadway towards the blacksmith shop fifty feet to a stone; then running back from said street about seventy feet to the Sun Cole line, now the line of C. J. Little, then with his line fifty feet to within three feet of said church lot, then a straight line to the beginning, making said lot 50x70 feet.

Said above described property will be sold at public auction at the front door of the Court House in Jackson, Ky., to the highest bidder on a credit of six months. The purchaser will be required to give bond for the purchase money with approved security, bearing interest from date, and having the force and effect of a replevin bond, and a lien will be reserved in said bond on the land sold until all the purchase money, interest and costs is paid. Bidders must be prepared to comply with these terms.

Amount of debt and interest.....	\$466.65
Cost of suit.....	21.40
Commissioner's cost.....	16.83
Cost of advertising.....	7.50

Total.....\$512.38

J. W. CARDWELL, M. C. B. C. C.

Deserves Indorsement. In our columns this week will be found the announcement of Hon. John W. Langley, who seeks the Republican nomination for re-election to Congress from this district. Mr. Langley has worked unceasingly ever since his election for the interests of his constituents. He succeeded in passing through a bill to establish a S. court here and we would now have had the court had not Senator Henry killed the bill in the Senate. We want Mr. Langley's indorsement.

A vintage black and white photograph of a family of five in 19th-century attire. A man with a mustache stands centrally in a military-style uniform. To his left is a woman in a long dress and hat. To his right is a young girl in a similar military-style outfit. In the foreground, a young boy stands on the left, and a small child sits on the right. A large, ornate chair is visible in the background.

Notice is hereby given that bids will be received by the Breathitt County Fiscal Court, at the Court House in the town of Jackson on Wednesday, April, 22, 1908, at 1:00 p. m. for the erection of a bridge across the North Fork of the Ky. river at Jackson, according to the plans adopted by the Fiscal Court, and for the removal of the present bridge at Jackson and the re-erection of same across the publicsome creek at the mouth of Lost creek. The court reserving the right of rejecting any or all bids.

For further particulars call on or address
S. S. TAULBEE.

Cole Grocery Co have a brand new stock - Lower prices than



Copyright 1919, Ed. V. Price & Co.
Exclusive local representatives
of Ed. V. Price & Co., Merchants
Tailors, Chicago

Mr. J. B. LASSES, SPECTACLES
of Bay all kinds of Jewelry.
ping. REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.
Prices Reasonable. Please

Come in early—before everybody else is dressed up—and see fabrics Nos. 4491L, 4398K, 4368J, 4329I, 4276HH and style designs 485, 493 and 491. Then tell us to take your measure.

JACKSON DEPOSIT BANK,
JACKSON, KENTUCKY.

JACKSON, KENTUCKY.

PERSONALITY TESTS

R. M. SHELBY Address S. S. Taulbee

MR. PRATT

A Tale of the Cape Cod Fisher Folk

By Joseph C. Lincoln

Author of "Cap'n Eric," "Partners of the Tide," etc.

Illustrations by T. D. McNeill

Copyright, 1907, by J. C. Lincoln & Company.

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Mr. Solomon Pratt began a long and weary journey, and, after a long and weary journey, he reached the Cape Cod Fisher Folk.

CHAPTER II.—The arrival of James Hopper, Van Brunt's valet, gave Pratt the desired information about the New Yorks. They wished to live what they termed "The Natural Life." Van Brunt, it was learned, was a New York looking for the hand of Miss Agnes Vance, who gave Hartley up.

CHAPTER III.—Sol Pratt was engaged as cook and the party decided to spend July Fourth in Beattyville.

CHAPTER IV.—The Pig Race.

I don't callate that I ever had a better run down than I did one morning. 'Twas a fair wind, and a smooth sea, not the sick, greasy kind, but with little blue waves chasing each other and going "Spit! spat!" under the Dora Hasset's quarter as she danced over 'em. And that's just what she did—dance. There wasn't any hog-wallowing for her; she just picked up her skirts, so to speak, and tripped along—towing the little landing skiff stern of her—like a 16-year-old girl going to a surprise party. An early July morning on the bay down our way is good enough for yours truly, Solomon Pratt. Take it with the wind and water like 'I've said: with the salt smell from the marshes drifting out from the shore, mixed up with the smell of the pitch-pines on the bluffs, and no in the stars of a good boat with the tiller in my hand and a pipe in my face—well, all right! That's my natural life; and I don't need no book to tell me so, neither.

The Haverlives enjoyed it, and they'd ought to. 'Twas clear then, though it got hazy over to the eastward later on. But then, as I say, 'twas clear, and you could see the schooners strung out on the skyline, some full up with their sails shining white in the sun, and others down under the edge, with only their tops'ls showing. Far off, but dead ahead, just as if somebody had dipped their finger in the bluing bottle and smouched it along the bottom of the sky, was the Wapatoe, and away aft, right over the stern, was the Trumet, light-house, like a white chalk mark on a yellow fence, the force being the high sand bank behind it.

The Twins laid back and soaked in the scenery. They unbuttoned their jackets and took long breaths. They actually forgot to smoke, which was a sort of miracle, as you might say, and even Hartley, who had been bluer than a spoiled mackerel all the morning, braced up and got real chipper. By and by they remembered that book of theirs and had what they might call a Nature Life drink. I never see printing that went to a person's head the way that book seemed to go to theirs. I judged 'twas kind of light and gassy reading and naturally riled and filled the empty places same as you'd fill a balloon.

Everybody was happy but Lord James, and I could see that he wa'n't easy in his mind. He set about undishin' of the cockpit and hung onto the thwart with both hands, like he was afraid 'twould bust loose and leave him adrift. If the Dora Hasset had struck a derelict or something and gone down sudden I'd bet they'd have dredged up that Hopper valet and the thwart together. And then they'd have had to pry 'em apart. His lordship wa'n't used to water, unless 'twas to mix with something else.

By and by Hartley shoves both hands into his pockets. Utts his hat back and begins to sing. More effects of the Natural Life, I suppose. But 'twas wully good singing. Might have been saying most anything, calling me a short lobster for what I know, 'cause 'twas some foreigner's lingo, but the noise was all right over if I did have to take chances on the words. I callate to know music when I hear it.

"Good!" says Van, when he hum stopped. "Martin, you're better already. I haven't heard you sing for two years or more. The last time was at the Delanceys' at home. Do you remember the dower and 'my daughter'! Heavens! and 'my daughter'! piano playing! Agnes told the dower that she had never heard anything like it. You and she were together, you know. Give us another verse."

But Martin wouldn't. Shut up like a clam and reached into his pocket for a cigar.

"That was a No. 1, Mr. Hartley," says I. "I wish you could hear Solina Hasset play the Addie; you'd appreciate it."

Van he roared and even Hartley managed to smile. As for Lord James he looked at us like I'd trod on the queen's corns.

Blessed if I could see what there was funny about it. Solon can play like an Injun. Why, I've seen him bust two strings at a Thanksgiving ball and then play "Mrs. McLeod's Reel"—you know, "Buckles, bunnies, goat, brown bread and beans"—on 'tween two, till there wa'n't a still foot in the hall.

We made Eastwich Port about noon and had dinner. I cooked up a kettle of chowder—fetched the clams along with me from home—and 'twould have done you good to see the Haverlives lay into it. Lord James he skipped around like a hoppergrass in a hot skillet, fetching glasses and laying out nine or ten different kind of forks and spoons side of each plate and opening wine bottles, and

I don't know what all. When he have in sight of the wharf that morning he was telling me as he was. I asked him what it was.

"Why, the 'amper,' says he. "The which?" says I. "The lunch 'amper, of course," he says. "The 'amper for the heatables." Well, I wondered then what in the nation was in it, for 'twas heavier than lead. I remember that the host of it made me ask him if he fetched along some of the late Hannah Jane's leftover riz bliscuits. But now I see why 'twas heavy. There was enough dishes and truck for ten men and the cook in that basket. We had my

"What do they do with that?"

"Concoct," he says. "Not really?"

"Haught!" I says. "You just wait a shake."

There was a little red-headed youngster scooting in and out among the folks' knees and I caught him by the shoulder. "Hi, Andrew Jackson," says I. "Want some candy?"

He looked up at me as pert and as easy as a blackbird on a scarecrow's shoulder.

"Get your natural!" says he. I jumped.

"Lord!" says I; "I callate he knows you."

Hartley smiled. "How do they sell that—that Portland cement?" says he. "Give me some," he says, holding a half dollar to the feller behind the oil-cloth counter. The man chiseled off enough for a fair-sized tumbstone and handed it out. Hartley passed it to the boy. He bit off a hunk that made him look like he had the mumps all on one side, and commenced to crunch it.

"There!" says I. "That's proof enough, ain't it?"

But he wa'n't satisfied. "Wait a minute," says he. "I want to see what it does to him."

Well, it didn't do nothing, apparently, except to make the little shaver's jaws sound like a rock crusher, so we went on. By and by we come to the fence alongside of the place where they had the races. The sack race was on, half a dozen fellers hopping around tied up in meal bags, and we went that. Then Hartley was for going home again, but I managed to hold him. The greased pig was the next number on the dance order and I wanted to see it.

Major Philander Pihney, he's chairman of the Beattyville selectmen and pretty nigh half as big as he thinks he is; he stood on tiptoe on the judge's stand and belchered that the greased pig contest was open to boys under 15, and that the one that caught the pig and hunk on to it would get five dollars. In less than three shakes of a herriag's hind leg there was boys enough on that field to start a reform school. They ranged all the way from little chaps who ought to have been at home cutting their milk teeth to "boys" that had yellow fuzz on their belts and a plug of chewing tobacco in their pants' pocket. They fetched in the pig shut up in a box with latns over the top. He was little and black and all shinin' with grease. Then they stretched a rope across one end of the race field and lined up the pig-chasers behind it.

"Hello!" says Hartley, "there's our Portland cement youngster. He'll never run with that marble quarry lassie of him."

Sure enough, there was the boy that had trocked the candy. I could see his red head blazing like a lightning bug alongside of a six-foot infant with overalls and a promising crop of side whiskers. Next thing I knew the starter—Isaacar Tiddit, 'twas—he opens the lid to the pig box and hollers "Go!"

The line dropped. That little bone pig set 20 odd pair of hands shooting towards him, and he fetched a yell like a hushon whistle and put down the field, with the whole crew behind him. The crowd got on tiptoe and stretched their necks to see. Everybody hollered and hurrahed and "huw, hawed."

Now I've been calling the place where they had the races and so on a field. Well, 'twasn't really a field, but just part of the course where they had trotting matches on cattle show days. There was a fence on each side of it and across the ends of the section they was using, there was ropes stretched. Back of the fences was the crowd on foot, and back of the ropes was more of 'em, but behind those ropes 'twas a lot of horses and wagons and carry-alls and such. Every wagon was piled full of people, and amongst 'em I could see the Barry coach, with the four gray steppers prancing up and down in front of it and old Commodore Barry and his son on the front seat, with the women folks behind.

Well, when that pig started he made a straight course for the lower end of the field, but the sight of the liveliness and the grease had got him clear. About half the boys had given up the job, and was making for tarbar behind the fence; covered with sand and grease, they was, and red and ashamed. The crowd was pretty nigh as crazy as the pig, only with joy. Even Hartley was laughing out loud—first time I'd ever heard him.

That little chap with the red hair had been right up with the mourners till the third round; then he was stood on his hind legs in the scuffle and left behind him by the ropes in front of where the Barrys was. The rest of the chasers was scattered around the other end of the field, with the pig doing the grand right and left in and out amongst their legs. One of the boys—that big lanky one whose cheeks needed mowing—made a lying jump and dove head first right on top of the critter's shiny black back. In a shake he was the underpinning, so to speak, of a sort of monument of boys, all fighting like dogs at a woodchuck.

Next thing I knew I was not out from underneath the third round, but he'd been freed out of the clutch, and was squealing like a pig. The crowd was running tackle, and the "kissed man" in a tent: "Walk right up, gents, and east your eyes on the greatest marvel of the age all alive and solid stone only two nickels a dime ten cents," and all the rest of it. Pretty soon we come to where the feller was selling the E Pluribus Unum candy—red, white and blue, and a slab as big as a brick for a dime.

Hartley stopped and stares at it. "For heaven's sake!" says he.

"How is he, doctor?" asked Hartley, Anxious.

chowder and four kinds of crackers with it, and chicken and asparagus, and nine sorts of pickles, and cauned plum pudding with sars, and coffee and good loud healthy cheese, and red wine and champagne. When I'd hoisted in enough of everything so my hatches wouldn't shut tight, and pulling on one of the Twins' cigars, I says to Van:

"Mr. Van Brunt," says I, "is this part of what you call the Natural Life?"

"You bet, skipper!" says he. He hadn't flushed the chowder end of the layout yet.

Well, I heaved a sigh. 'Twas kind of unnatural to me, having come on me all at once; but I callated I could get used to it in time without shedding no tears. Didn't want to get used to it too quick, neither; I wanted the novelty to linger along, as you might say.

When the dinner was over—the Haverlives was well enough acquainted with the family to nick-name it "lunch"—I started in to help his lordship wash dishes. The Twins sprawled themselves under a couple of pine trees and blew smoke flags.

"Hurry up, there, messmate," says I to the valet; "I want to get through time enough to run up to the fair grounds and see that greased pig race."

Hartley had been keeping so still I callated he was dropping off to sleep, but it seems he wa'n't. He set up, stretched, and got to his feet.

"If I go with you, skipper," says he, "might as well do that as anything. I've never seen a greased pig race. They don't have 'em on the street."

"Chase around but lands there," draws Van Brunt, lazy, and with his eyes half shut. Then he turned over and looked at his chum.

"Great Caesar, Martin," he says, "you don't mean to tell me that you'd go along up into that crowd of hayscuds to hang over a fence and watch some one run, do you? Why any one on God's earth should want to run," he says, "when they can keep still, is beyond me; and why you, of all men, should want to watch 'em do it—that's worse yet. Come here and be natural and decent."

But Hartley wouldn't do it. His blue streak seemed to have struck him agal and he was kicking the sand, nervous-like, with his foot.

"Come on, Van," he says. "I want the walk."

"Not much," says Van. "Walking's almost as bad as running. I'll be here when you get back." And he stretched out on the pine needles again.

It may be that Hartley did want that walk, same as he said, but he didn't seem to get much fun out of it. Went pounding along, his cigar tipped up to the visor of his cap, and his eyes staring at the ground all the time. And he never spoke two words till we got to the fair grounds.

There was a dicens of a crowd, five or six hundred folks, I should think, and more coming all the time. Everybody that could come had brought the horses and carryalls of theirs that couldn't and had brought their wives and mothers-in-law and their children's children into the third and fourth generation. There was considerable many summer folks—not so many as there is at the cattle show in August—but a good many, just the same. I counted five automobiles, and I see the Barry folks from Trumet riding round in their four-horse coach and putting on airs enough to make 'em lopsided.

Hartley gave one look around at the gang and his nose turned up to 12 o'clock.

"Gad!" says he, "this, or something like it, is what I've been trying to get away from. Come on, Sol. Let's go back to the boat."

But I hadn't seen so many shows as he had and I wanted to stay.

"You wait a spell, Mr. Hartley," says I. "Let's cruise round a little first."

So we went shoving along through the crowd, getting our toes tramped on an' dodging peddlers and such like every other minute. There was the "test-your-strength" machine and the merry-go-round and the "kissed man" in a tent: "Walk right up, gents, and east your eyes on the greatest marvel of the age all alive and solid stone only two nickels a dime ten cents," and all the rest of it. Pretty soon we come to where the feller was selling the E Pluribus Unum candy—red, white and blue, and a slab as big as a brick for a dime.

Hartley stopped and stares at it. "For heaven's sake!" says he.

divers, right where the top of the horse and hoofs was thick. The Barry coach horses ran up and jammed and backed. You could hear wheels grinding and metal clanging and women screaming.

'Twas one of the first over that fence, but, quick as I was, that Hartley he moved like 'twas hardly worth while to drag one foot after the other; but now he flew. I could see his big shoulders shoving folks over like they was nighplins. Under the ropes he went, and in where the tangle was the worst. And then it closed up into a screeching, kicking whirlpool like. Down he went and I lost sight of him.

Everybody on the grounds was crazy, but I callate I was the worst. Bedlamite of the lot. Somehow I felt responsible. 'Twas me that told about the Fourth of July doing first and got him over there. 'Twas me that coaxed him into saying for the conserved pig business. And I kind of felt that I was his guardian, as you might say, now that Van Brunt wa'n't along. Yes, and by ginger, I liked him. Course I thought of the poor little boy, too, but I'm free to say 'twas Hartley that I thought of most.

For the delinks of the next two or three minutes you'd have to ask somebody else. As I remember real well, I'm catching hold of Isaacar Tiddit's Sunday cutaway and ripping it from main trunk to kerf-hole. You see, Isaacar was trying to back out of the tangle and I was diving in. Next thing I was sure of is hanging onto the bridle of one of the Barry horses and playing snap the whip with my feet, up and down and over and under.

She cleared up some finally and there was a ring of folks jamming and pushing and climbing between wheels and under wagon bodies, and in the middle of the ring was Hartley, kneeling on the ground and looking pretty middling white and sick, with a dripping cut over his eye, and with that little shaver's red head in his lap. And old Doc Bailey was there, but how or when he come I don't know. Yes, me and the pig was there, too, but the critter was out of commission, being dead, and I was too busy to think where I was.

"How is he, doctor?" asked Hartley, Anxious.

The Doc didn't answer for a minute or so; he was bending over the boy, sponging and swabbing like all possessed. Poor little chap; he looked white and pitiful enough, stretched out there, under the crowd of strangers and not a soul of his own folks around to look out for him. And he was with a giddy little niffle. I looked at him; chalk white he was, and still, with his eyes shut and his breath coming kind of short and jerky. And—well, my breath got jerky, too.

"How is he?" says Hartley again.

Just as he said it the boy stirs and begins to breathe more regular. The doctor seemed to feel better.

"He'll come round all right now," says the Doc. "Twas the kick that knocked him out. The pig cut the worst of it and that saved him. There are no bones broken, but he'd have been trampled to death afterwards if it hadn't been for you, Mr. Hartley. Let me fix up that cut."

But the Twin shook his head kind of impatient. "Tend to the boy," he says. "So the doctor went on with his sponging and swabbing and pretty soon the youngster opens his eyes.

"Did I get hurt?" says he.

"What's that?" asked the Doc, stooping over him.

"Did I get the pig? Is the fever comin' to me?"

Well, you'd ought to have heard the crowd laugh. Somebody slugs out, "Three cheers for the kid!" and they give 'em with a whoop.

"What's the matter with youme?" says the youngster, setting up and looking around, dizzy like. "Aw, cut it out!" he says. "Why they begun to holler some more. 'Did I get the pig?'"

"You bet you did," says the doctor, laughing. "You're a spunky little rooster. Whose boy are you, anyway? Belong in Eastwich?"

"Now," says the little feller, like he was plumb disgusted. "N'York."

Hartley smiled. "A brother out-cast," says he, looking up at me.

Major Pihney had been shoving through the crowd and now he was in the front rank, where so they tell me he used to be in war time—after the fighting was over.

"He's one of them Fresh Air boys," says the major, puffing, but pompous. "There's a summer school of 'em ooen started just outside the town here. Couple of New York women brought the tribe down last week. This one's one."

Little red head turned to Hartley. "Say," he says, "don't you tell her."

"Tell who?" says Hartley.

"The teacher, Miss Agony."

"Miss which?"

And just then here comes Isaacar, his cutaway hanging graceful and ornamental from the collar and pilotting a mighty, fat and stylish young woman to the front. She breaks loose from him and runs forward and flops down on her knees.

"Why, Dennis! Why, Dennis!" she says. "How could you run away and behave like this? Are you hurt? Is he—"

She looks up at Hartley as she begins to ask the last question. And he was staring at her as white as a sheet of paper.

"Why, Agnes!" he says. "And she went white, too, and then red. Oh," says she. "And then 'Oh!' again."

"Oh, Martin!"

[Continued Next Week.]


EASTER FLOWERS.

Made From Crumpled Paper—Pattern For Cutting Petals.

Beautiful Easter lilies made from crumpled paper may be used in profusion to decorate rooms for the coming holidays, and the expense of this ornamentation will be small if the flowers are constructed at home.

The making of this characteristic bloom, the Easter lily, will not be a difficult task for even a beginner to undertake if the patterns are carefully cut and if the detailed description is closely followed.

To fashion an Easter lily cut six petals the straight way of white crumpled paper.



EASTER LILIES OF CRUMPLED PAPER.

paper in the size of the pattern and to the back of each give a vein of white covered with yellow extending about an inch below the base of the petals. Stamens are formed of light green tissue rolled almost to a thread and cut four and a half inches long. The petals are made in the same manner, leaving a ball or head on the top, and should be cut five and a half inches long.

Glue the edges of the petals about halfway up from the base and form around the center composed of the petals and stamens, close bottom around a stem previously formed by winding a stiff wire with crumpled paper until the required size and then finish by winding green tissue nearly with green paper. Attach the wire to a padded stem and stem and stem, inserting seven or eight leaves along the stem at the same time. Open the petals and bend them gracefully outward.

To wind a stem take a strip of green tissue about half an inch wide, wind it on three times around the top of stem close to the base of the flower to prevent petals from slipping downward; then, holding the paper loosely in the fingers of the left hand, with the right fingers twist the stem wire from you, round and round, thus wrapping it with the paper. Wind in the leaves about halfway down and secure the end with a little glue or paste.

Don't forget in working the crumpled paper that there is a right and a wrong side and that the former is always folded in on a roll.

Don't Lose Your Temper.

Don't lose your temper. The moment you lose control of yourself you are at a disadvantage, and you are almost sure to say things that on calm reflection you would give much to have left unsaid.

It is fatally easy to say things in the heat of the moment, but very hard afterward to do away with the bad impression they leave made.

If you do lose control of yourself and say too much, take away as much of the sting as you can by a full and generous apology.

Never be ashamed to say you are sorry. Half the sorrow and remorse in the world come from the false pride that cannot bring itself to express sorrow and repentance.

Cleaning Tan Shoes.

Often the binding of one's dress will leave a dirty black mark across the lapel of a suit, and this is a simple matter to be cleaned with the ordinary tan polish. The shoes can be washed, but the rag must be merely dampened and rubbed on naphtha soap or any yellow soap, and all of the leather must be washed off. Then the cloth and wipe the shoes and rub dry with an old towel. They will be clean and lustrous. Apply a good tan polish and rub vigorously with a piece of old cotton stocking top. If care is taken not to dampen the shoes too much they can be cleaned and made to look like new, but all parts should be washed or stung with show.

Working Dots.

Just at present satin and eyelet stitch are used most to embroider dots. To become proficient in working those perfectly round a great many must be worked.

They may be done in a frame or they may be done equally well in the hand.

Wasn't Her Fortune.

"Why don't you marry a millionaire, Edith?"

"I haven't the nerve to try, Edith."

"Different with me?"

"Why?"

"I haven't the face."

Officers Safe.

"Do they have corporal punishment in the army?"

"You let them don't, and you don't punch the lieutenant either. I tell you, their officers has things about their way."


Way He Knew.

"Hello! It will soon be dog days!"

"That's a poor guess. Dog days do not come until fall."

"That's where you show you are not posted on the statistics. Dog days begin in May, when you have to pay your dog license."

NATURE AND A WOMAN'S WORK



LYDIA E. PINKHAM

Nature and a woman's work combined have produced the greatest remedy for woman's ills that the world has ever known.

In the good old-fashioned days of our grandmothers they relied upon the roots and herbs of the field to cure disease and mitigate suffering.

The Indians on our Western Plains to-day can produce roots and herbs for every ailment, and cure diseases that baffle the most skilled physicians who have spent years in the study of drugs.

From the roots and herbs of the field Lydia E. Pinkham more than thirty years ago gave to the women of the world a remedy for their peculiar ills, more potent and efficacious than any combination of drugs.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is now recognized as the standard remedy for woman's ills.

Mrs. Bertha Muff, of 615 N.C. St., Louisiana, Mo., writes:

"Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my troubles public.

"For twelve years I had been suffering with the worst forms of female ills. During that time I had eleven different physicians without help. No tongue can tell what I suffered, and at times I could hardly walk. About two years ago I wrote Mrs. Pinkham for advice. I followed it, and can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Mrs. Pinkham's advice restored health and strength. It is worth mountains of gold to suffering women."

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for Mrs. Muff, it will do for other suffering women.


COOKING MADE EASY.

Latest Novelty Is the Alcohol Gas Stove.

FINE FOR SUMMER SERVICE.

The Alcohol Is Not Burned Direct, as in the Chafing Dish Lamp, but Is Vaporized and Made into Gas—Stove Not Expensive.

A newcomer comparatively for consideration in the preparation of impromptu meals or for regular cooking is the alcohol gas stove. This means the most improved and latest variety of alcohol stove, with delectable alcohol.



UTENSILS TO BE USED.

As the heat producer, although the ordinary alcohol may be utilized just as well. The use of denatured alcohol for cooking purposes is not general, but its advocates are steadily increasing, and it is predicted that when its adaptability is better known it will rapidly rise in popularity.

The latest stove, as pictured here, manufactures its own gas and burns a blue flame, just like the ordinary gas range burner. It is especially adapted to the use of denatured alcohol, which may be obtained cheaply, making the cost of operation, according to expert estimates, about 2 cents an hour. The alcohol is not burned direct, as in the chafing dish lamp, but is vaporized and made into gas which gives a flame powerful enough for any cooking use.

For summer service there is much to commend such a stove, particularly for impromptu luncheons and outdoor trips. According to some recent tests, the stove may be run, both burners at full capacity, at a cost of 25 cents per hour. Like a gas stove, one burner may be used independent of the other.

Who will be President?

This is a Presidential year, and every man must read to keep posted on politics. The

COURIER-JOURNAL

(Henry Watterson, Editor)

Is a Democratic Newspaper, but it prints the news as it develops. One dollar a year is the price of

The Weekly Courier-Journal

But you can get that paper and The Breathitt County News

Both One Year For \$1.50

If you will give or send your order to the

Courier-Journal.

L. & E. RAILWAY

WINTER TIME TABLE. EFFECTIVE NOV. 18, 1906.

	WEST BOUND.		EAST BOUND.	
	No 1 Daily Ex. Sun.	No. 3 P.M.	No 2 Daily Ex. Sun.	No. 4 P.M.
Ly Jackson	6 10	2 20	2 25	7 35
O. & K Junction	6 15	2 25	3 10	8 13
Elkatawa	6 20	2 30	3 25	8 26
Athol	6 40	2 52	4 00	9 02
Tallega	6 49	3 00	4 10	9 10
St. Helens	6 59	3 11	4 26	9 22
Beattyville Junct	7 07	3 20	4 37	9 34
Torrent	7 30	3 41	4 40	9 38
Cumpton Junct	7 48	3 57	4 57	9 56
Dundee	7 52	4 03	5 18	10 17
Filson	8 03	4 14	5 26	10 25
Stanton	8 15	4 26	5 37	10 35
Clay City	8 25	4 35	5 45	10 43
L. & E. Junct	9 00	5 07	6 06	11 10
Winchester	9 12	5 20	6 10	11 15
Ar Lexington	9 55	6 05	6 15	11 20

CONNECTIONS.

L. & E. JUNCTION.—Trains Nos 1 and 3 will make connections with C. & O. Ry. for Mt Sterling.

CUMPTON JUNCTION.—All trains connect with Mountain Central Railway for Pine Ridge and Cumpton.

BEATTYVILLE JUNCTION.—Trains Nos 2 and 4 connect with L. & A. Ry. for passengers to and from Beattyville.

O. & K. JUNCTION.—Trains Nos 3 and 4 with the Ohio & Kentucky for local stations on O. & K. Ry.

CHAS. SCOTT, G. P. A.

O. & K. RAILWAY

EFFECTIVE NOV. 10, 1906.

	WEST BOUND.		EAST BOUND.	
	Daily Ex. Sun.	1st Class 2d Class	Daily Ex. Sun.	2d Class 1st Class
Ly Jackson	11 05	3 00	7 10	1 00
O. & K Junction	11 15	3 10	7 23	1 17
Frozen	11 31	3 33	7 43	1 37
Vanceville	11 38	3 42	8 00	1 52
Winhurst	11 44	3 52	8 24	2 14
Hampton	11 51	4 05	8 37	2 31
Rose Fork	12 05	4 30	8 47	2 57
Lee City	12 13	4 45	8 56	3 04
Helechawa	12 19	4 55	9 25	3 25
Ar Camel City	12 35	5 20	9 30	3 30

Sunday passenger train leaves Camel City at 1 00 p. m., returning leaves Jackson at 4 00 p. m.

M. L. CONLEY Gen. Mgr.

Mountain Central

Depart	Arrive
5 45 a. m.	Campton 11 30 a. m.
1 45 p. m.	Campton 6 00 p. m.

Arrive Depart

| 8 00 a. m. | Campton Jan 10 05 a. m. |
| 4 00 p. m. | Campton Jun. 4 40 p. m. |

Make connection with all L. & E. passenger trains.